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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 768.

IRISH ORANGE FACTION.

THE late affray in the Dublin theatre forms a most instructive exposure of the faction which has so long trampled upon poor Ireland. Nothing could be more complete: it was ultra-loyalty turned inside out—servile hypocrisy stripped of its disguise, and exposed to the scorn of society in all its naked baseness. The history of the outrage and its causes is simply this:—The Marquis WELLESLEY has been made the instrument of a more moderate policy on the part of Government towards Ireland, than that unhappy country has felt for a long time. The Orangemen were no longer the exclusive possessors of ruling favour, nor engrossed *all* the patronage of the Executive. Their vociferous and disgusting rant against the Catholics was no longer applauded by the higher authorities; and the wanton and brutal insult annually offered to the Catholic community, by dressing King WILLIAM's Statue in Dublin, was in particular prevented by the orders and the vigilance of the Lord-Lieutenant. Among the minor reforms too (small indeed compared with the wants and evils of the Irish) which Government appears disposed to adopt, in order to make some shew of sympathy with a people confessedly misgoverned, a change is taking place in the magistracy, in pursuance of which a certain number of Orange partizans (who have been hitherto the almost exclusive depositaries of the magisterial authority, notwithstanding the monstrous scandal and oppression of such a practice) have been removed from the commission, in order to make way for more respectable and moderate persons. This is the sum total of the *offence* given to the Irish Orangists by the proceedings of the Ministry. Their grievance is—not that they are oppressed, or persecuted, or beggared by taxation, or any thing of the sort, but—that they are no longer permitted to offer a stupid insult to six millions of their countrymen—that they are somewhat less gorged with official jobs and public plunder—that they, a contemptible minority of the population, do not continue to engross *all* the power and profit of general and local government. Such are the hardships they have been recently subjected to; and how do they vent their chagrin? The first time the Lord-Lieutenant goes to the theatre, they create a prodigious uproar, bawl out their party watch-words, and pelt the King's Representative with bottles and watchmen's rattles!

How edifying an outrage! The rioters here were not jacobins and levellers, actuated by envy of their betters and stirred up by "the seditious press;" they were not "ragged radicals"—not the "dregs and scum of society" (as the *Morning Post* would say)—but actually the "loyal," the exclusively loyal partizans of Church and State, the upholders of Legitimacy and Social Order,—in short, the *Soldiers of the Faith*. They are the faction who for years have influenced the legislative and guided the executive power in Ireland; who have wallowed in and extended the vast field of corruption; who have intrenched themselves in corporations, in sinecure places, in church dignities and possessions; who have wielded all the authority of the law and the police, and by that means have erected an endless series of petty despotisms throughout the island; who have been ever rancorous, cruel, and bloody, towards the miserable sufferers whom despair has roused into resistance, as well as towards all that ventured to advocate Reform; who have created "reigns of terror" more horrible than those of ROBESPIERRE and MARAT, not once or twice, but over and over again; who have produced and fostered hordes of spies and informers, and have met every popular discontent with the bayonet and gibbet, with half-hangings, banishings, and the torture of the lash. Above all, they have done these things under the standard of loyalty, with the cry of "Church and King" eternally yelled forth, professing a burning zeal in behalf of Protestantism and the interests of monarchy and aristocracy. They have inculcated an unlimited devotion to the wearer of the crown—*Vive le roi, quand meme!*"—and a profound veneration for every thing legal and established. Hitherto their success has been uninterrupted, and no adversity has tried their sincerity. But *now*, with no more provocation than the partial cessation of the favour of the higher power—simply because their "insatiate maw" is not crammed quite so much as usual, and they are baulked of a piece of blackguard insult to nine-tenths of their countrymen,—they break out on the sudden, trample on the laws for which they affected such scrupulous veneration, insult the throne to which they professed such devotion, and assault the Viceroy whom the monarch they had made the very god of their idolatry the year before, had sent among them to promote the conciliation and peace-making he had promised! Was there ever a more complete exposure? The sanctity of the laws—the majesty of the throne—their own consistency and habitual respect to authority,—all forgotten or despised in an instant, and the Ultra-loyalists turned into rioters and breakers of the peace, raging like wild beasts baulked of their prey! Every thing like principle or feeling for a cause vanishes "like to the baseless fabric of a vision," and leaves behind nothing but unveiled hypocrisy, brute selfishness, and bad passions.

The Orange faction that has so long sucked the blood of Ireland is beyond comparison the vilest and most hateful that history has recorded. *Faction* is, we know, a term which is very freely applied by all parties to each other; but there is a broad and just line of distinction between the parties truly called factious, and those injuriously termed so. Strictly speaking, "faction" means only an active party in the state; but in the bad sense in which it is by common consent used, it is employed to designate a party criminally leagued for some sinister purpose—a "Few," with objects distinct from and opposed to the welfare and inclination of the "Many." Thus CATILINE and his conspirators were properly a faction. Their object was to overthrow the Roman Government in order to get the means of plun-

dering and tyrannizing over Rome. The partizans of the bloody MARIUS and more bloody SYLLA were also factions. The annals of most states, in short, before the invention of the Representative System, are little better than histories of factions. But none of these, violent and ferocious as many were, merited the detestation which is the just portion of the Irish Orangists. The factions of Rome and Greece and the Italian Republics, did not disguise their real objects, or the disguise was transparently thin, and hardly maintained on a system of deception; they did not cant so odiously, and make such a cloak of religion and loyalty; they were more bigoted, and generally had at least the excuse of violent excitements. They had not brought the machinery of corruption to such a pitch of refined management as to enable a mere handful of knaves to starve and oppress a whole community of brave people, and to cause an endless round of famines, insurrections, butcherings, tortures, and forced submissions. In a word, they were deficient in two things which give a peculiar cold-blooded character to the Orange faction—Cant and Corruption!

To proceed with our illustrations—the Army of the Faith in Spain is a faction, and a very base despicable faction too. We do not pretend to say that its wretched ranks may not include some fanatics and sincere victims of priestly delusion. But we speak of the leaders. *Their* motives and objects are so plain, that the pretence of religion and loyalty deceives no one. They are the sinecurists, the locusts of the land, whom the Revolution has dispossessed of the public plunder on which they fattened; and they have taken up arms to restore tyranny and abuses. They do not propose any modification of the Constitution, or put forward any public grievance as a reason for opposing the Cortes and Government; they clamour for *El Rey neto*—their end a pure selfishness and a desire to profit by the dessruction of their country's liberty and happiness. The term *faction* has been applied by the Serviles to the present Government and Congress of Spain; but how different *their* character! The reproach is ludicrously inapplicable to a whole nation; and that the nation, or an immense majority of it, is identified with the Constitutionalists, is proved by the simple fact of the Revolution being effected almost without bloodshed, against the power of an established government,—the aristocracy and priesthood. Besides, if what the Serviles say of the disposition of the Spaniards were not mere malignant falsehood, how comes it that the freely and fairly chosen Representatives of the People are decided Constitutionalists? In a mock or "virtual" Representation, the real voice of the People may be stifled and disputed about; but when the suffrage is widely extended, and the greatest enemies of the Spaniards cannot pretend that the elections are not free, how can it be denied or evaded?—The reproach of factiousness can with as little reason be applied to the *Carbonari* of Italy, the Liberals of France and Germany, the Reformers of England. Be their views right or wrong, at any rate their sincere and just object is the welfare of their country. The Anti-Reformers among ourselves have often made it indeed a *reproach* to their adversaries, that they are disunited and given to mutual quarrels. One may judge from this, how little they possess even of the least objectionable spirit of party. Their only bond of union is the opinion of the necessity of Reform. They desire to ameliorate the condition of the community, and of themselves *only as a part of the community*; while a *faction*, whether composed of French Ultras, Spanish Serviles, British Boroughmongers, or Irish Orangemen,—seeks only the selfish power and profit which are obtained in defiance and *at the expense of the community*.—The distinction is just and important; and in spite of the jargon and clamour of parties, may always be made with truth and certainty.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Liberal. No. II.

WE commence with an observation on the forthcoming number of the *Liberal*, similar to that with which we introduced an account of the first number,—that we aim at nothing beyond a brief enumeration of the principal articles, with a few winged words upon their leading features. In short, that for various reasons our object is rather announcement than criticism.

Our readers are most likely already informed by the advertisement, that this number will open with "Heaven and Earth, a Mystery," by Lord Byron, founded on the dubious passage in the book of Genesis:—"And it came to pass .... that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." Our business is not biblical research; nor are we called upon to settle the jarring opinions of commentators upon this extraordinary text. Whether the Sons of God thus mentioned were Angels, or merely great men (certainly not the same beings in our own times) is not material; it is sufficient, that in common with many of the Fathers,* Lord Byron has understood the passage to relate to Angels; and has so constructed "Heaven and Earth," as to make the approach of the Deluge, and in fact the Deluge itself, a concluding part of the action. The persons of the drama are few, with the exception of spirits and mortals, who are principally employed as a chorus, very much in the manner of the "Sampson Agonistis" of Milton, which Lord Byron has evidently borne in mind, in tone, versification, and general management of subject. We supply the opening scene, as leading to a tolerably adequate notion of his manner of dealing with the principal idea.

SCENE I.

A woody and mountainous district near Mount Ararat.—Time, midnight.—Enter ANAH *and* AHOLIBAMAH.

Anah. Our father sleeps: it is the hour when they
Who love us are accustomed to descend
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat:—
How my heart beats!
Aho. Let us proceed upon
Our invocation.
Anah. But the stars are hidden.
I tremble.
Aho. So do I, but not with fear
Of aught save their delay.

* We need not observe, for the book is just out, that the "Loves of the Angels" by the very *spiritual* Thomas Moore, is founded on the same passage. Mr. Moore says it is not properly scriptural, because the notion that the "Sons of God" meant Angels, originated in a mistake of *the Seventy*; and that the soundest theologians understand by it the posterity of *Seth*, as distinguished from that of *Cain*. To all this we have no objection, provided it be admitted, that the contrary opinion has been sufficiently maintained for the purposes both of the "Mystery" and "The Loves." To the *latter* we shall attend next week; contenting ourselves for the present with quoting (as connected with the present article) the first elegant complimentary paragraph of Mr. Moore's Preface:—

"This poem, somewhat different in form and much more limited in extent, was originally designed as an episode for a work, about which I have been at intervals employed during the last two years. Some months since, however, I found that my friend, Lord Byron, had, by an accidental coincidence, chosen the same subject for a drama; and as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, I thought it best to publish my humble sketch immediately, with such alterations and additions as I had time to make; and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, give myself the chance of what astronomers call an *Heliacal* rising, before the luminary in whose light I was to be lost should appear.

Anah. My sister, though
I love Azaziel more than——oh, too much!
What was I going to say? my heart grows impious.
Aho. And where is the impiety of loving
Celestial natures?
Anah. But, Aholibamah,
I love our God less since his angel loved me:
This cannot be of good; and though I know not
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears
Which are not ominous of right.
Aho. Then wed thee
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long;
Marry, and bring forth dust!
Anah. I should have loved
Azaziel not less were he mortal; yet
I am glad he is not. I can not outlive him.
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him,
As he adores the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible; but yet I pity him;
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I the Seraph,
And he the perishable.
Aho. Rather say,
That he will single forth some other daughter
Of Earth, and love her as he once loved Anah.
Anah. And if it should be so, and she so loved him,
Better thus than that he should weep for me.
Aho. If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All Seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.
But to our invocation! 'Tis the hour.

The foregoing passage will shew, that exquisite and unresisting tenderness, and the more lofty flame which borrows intensity from pride and energy, form the distinguishing characteristics of the two fair daughters of Cain. The first of these is beautifully pourtrayed in the invocation of Anah:—

Anah. Seraph!
From thy sphere!
Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of heaven
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"*
Though through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,
Yet hear!
Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!
And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.
Thou canst not tell,—and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—
The bitterness of tears.
Eternity is in thine years,
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;
With me thou canst not sympathize,
Except in love, and there thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne'er wept beneath the skies.
Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st
The face of him who made thee great,
As he hath made me of the least
Of those cast out from Eden's gate;
Yet, Seraph dear!
Oh hear!
For thou hast loved me, and I would not die
Until I know what I must die in knowing,
That thou forget'st in thine eternity
Her whose heart death could not keep from o'erflowing
For thee, immortal essence as thou art!
Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
And such, I feel, are waging in my heart
A war unworthy: to an Adamite
Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts appear,
For sorrow is our element;
Delight
An Eden kept afar from sight,
Though sometimes with our visions blent.
The hour is near
Which tells me we are not abandoned quite.—
Appear! Appear!
Seraph!
My own Azaziel! be but here,
And leave the stars to their own light.

* The Archangels, said to be seven in number.

The address of Aholibamah, a more genuine descendant from the impetuous Cain, partakes of his character—haughty, but devoted. We can only find room for the conclusion:—

Thou art immortal—so am I: I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears; and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—"thou liv'st for ever!"
But if it be in joy
I know not, nor would know;
That secret rests with the Almighty giver
Who folds in clouds the fonts of bliss and woe.
But thee and me he never can destroy;
Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm; we are
Of as eternal essence, and must war
With him if he will war with us: with *thee*
I can share all things, even immortal sorrow;
For thou hast ventured to share life with *me*,
And shall *I* shrink from thine eternity?
No! though the serpent's sting should pierce me thorough,
And thou thyself wert like the serpent, coil
Around me still! and I will smile
And curse thee not; but hold
Thee in as warm a fold
As——but descend; and prove
A mortal's love
For an immortal. If the skies contain
More joy than thou canst give and take, remain!

These invocations bring down the two celestial lovers, who however appear not in this scene, which is followed by a dialogue between Japhet, the son of Noah, and his friend Irad; from which we learn, that the first is incurably in love with the gentle Anah; and that the latter has been so with her sister, but is awed by her scorn. Japhet, in a succeeding soliloquy, hints at the approaching Deluge, and dreads the fate of Anah. The following scene is so profoundly in the genuine spirit of Lord Byron, we give a great portion of it entire:—

SCENE III.

The mountains.—A cavern, and the rocks of Caucasus.

Japh. (solus). Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
And man——Oh, men! my fellow-beings! who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow? no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
Leaving it with a crown of many hues?
No more to be the beacon of the world,
No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot
Nearest the stars? And can those words "*no more*"
Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
And the predestined creeping things reserved
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May
He preserve *them*, and *I not* have the power
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from
A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,
Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,
To hiss and sting through some emerging world,
Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose seas
Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until

The salt morass subside into a sphere
Beneath the sun, and be the monument,
The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,
Of yet quick myriads of all life? How much
Breath will be still'd at once! All beauteous world!
So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I
With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,
And night by night, thy numbered days and nights.
I cannot save thee, cannot save even her
Whose love had made me love thee more; but as
A portion of thy dust, I cannot think
Upon thy coming doom without a feeling
Such as—Oh God! and canst thou—— [*He pauses.*

A rushing sound from the cavern is heard and shouts of laughter—afterwards a Spirit passes.

Japh. In the name
Of the Most High, what art thou?
Spirit (laughs). Ha! Ha! Ha!
Japh. By all that earth holds holiest, speak!
Spirit (laughs). Ha! Ha!
Japh. By the approaching deluge! by the earth
Which will be strangled by the ocean! by
The deep which will lay open all her fountains!
The heaven which will convert her clouds to seas,
And the Omnipotent who makes and crushes!
Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,
Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!
Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?
Spirit. Why weep'st thou?
Japh. For earth and all her children.
Spirit. Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Spirit vanishes.*
Japh. How the fiend mocks the tortures of a world,
The coming desolation of an orb,
On which the sun shall rise and warm no life!
How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is
Sleep too upon the very eve of death!
Why should they wake to meet it? What is here,
Which look like death in life, and speak like things
Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds!
[*Various Spirits pass from the cavern.*

One of the demons utters a haughty and taunting tissue of reproach and sarcasm on the approaching Deluge, which is concluded in a similar strain by a chorus of spirits issuing from the cavern. A forcible specimen is afforded in the following expostulation to Japhet:—

And art thou not ashamed
Thus to survive,
And eat, and drink, and wive?
With a base heart so far subdued and tamed,
As even to hear this wide destruction named,
Without such grief and courage, as should rather
Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,
Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd father,
And build thy city o'er the drown'd Earth's grave?
Who would outlive their kind,
Except the base and blind?
Mine
Hateth thine
As of a different order in the sphere,
But not our own.
There is not one who hath not left a throne
Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness here,
Rather than see his mates endure alone.
Go, wretch! and give
A life like thine to other wretches—live!
And when the annihilating waters roar
Above what they have done,
Envy the Giant Patriarchs then no more,
And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!
Thyself for being his son!

Japhet utters another mournful soliloquy, which is interrupted by the approach of the fair Sisters and their Celestial Lovers, which at once assures Japhet of the utter hopelessness of his passion. The Angels yield to the Mortals in the subsequent dialogue, being little more than confident and devoted: Japhet mournfully expressing his ardent wish that the "last and loveliest of Cain's race" would share the ark with him, is thus proudly answered by Aholibamah, her sister:—

Aho. And dost thou think that we,
With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's, blood
Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who was begotten
In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's children?
Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?
No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril!
Our race hath alway dwelt apart from thine
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.
Japh. I did not speak to thee, Aholibamah!
Too much of the forefather, whom thou vauntest,
Has come down in that haughty blood which springs
From him who shed the first, and that a brother's!
But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,
Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word, I cannot
Part with, although I must from thee. My Anah!
Thou who dost rather make me dream that Abel
Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art
The rest of the stern Cainites, save in beauty,
For all of them are fairest in their favour——
Aho. (interrupting him). And would'st thou have
her like our father's foe
In mind, in soul? If *I* partook thy thought,
And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in *her!*—
Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou mak'st strife.
Japh. Offspring of Cain, thy father did so!
Aho. But
He slew not Seth; and what hast thou to do
With other deeds between his God and him?
Japh. Thou speakest well: his God hath judged him, and
I had not named his deed, but that thyself
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink
From what he had done.
Aho. He was our fathers' father;
The eldest born of man, the strongest, bravest,
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for him,
From whom we had our being? Look upon
Our race; behold their stature and their beauty,
Their courage, strength, and length of days——
Japh. They are number'd.——
Aho. Be it so! but while yet their hours endure,
I glory in my brethren and our fathers!

This altercation is interrupted by Noah, who reproaches Japhet first and then the Spirits, but is interrupted by the descent of the Archangel Raphael. He rates the truant Spirits, who in consequence of their amorous engrossment had not heard of the Almighty purpose in regard to the Earth's destruction. The sisters also are then convinced that the Deluge *is* to take place, and behave both devotedly as to love, but each in a way befitting her character. Raphael then makes a final but fruitless call on the spirits.

Raph. Seraphs! these mortals speak in passion: Ye!
Who are, or should be, passionless and pure,
May now return with me.
Sam. It may not be:
We have chosen, and will endure.
Raph. Say'st thou?
Aza. He hath said it, and I say, Amen!
Raph. Again!
Then from this hour,
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,
And aliens from your God,
Farewell!

The signs of the Deluge then begin to appear, and are attended with exclamatory dread and horror by all except the angels, who, although they forfeit heaven for love, have still the power to bear their mistresses off to a brighter planet, and in consequence they all disappear. The remainder of the drama is taken up with the distraction of the flying mortals, doomed to destruction. A mother pathetically offers the babe at her bosom to Japhet; but the terror is chiefly expressed in chorus, in which of course some of the sufferers deliver themselves in a manner which, in such a situation, would be natural to the descendants of Cain; as for instance:—

Fly, son of Noah, fly, and take thine ease
In thine allotted Ocean-tent;
And view, all floating o'er the Element,
The corpses of the world of thy young days:
Then to Jehovah raise
Thy song of praise!

The behaviour even of the Cainites is not uniformly daring; on the contrary, one of them bows down in devout resignation to the will of Heaven. We also extract the conclusion:—

Enter a Woman.

Woman, Oh, save me, save!
Our valley is no more:

My father and my father's tent,
My brethren and my brethren's herds,
The pleasant trees that o'er our noonday bent
And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,
The little rivulet which freshen'd all
Our pastures green,
No more are to be seen.
When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,
I turn'd to bless the spot,
And not a leaf appear'd about to fall;—
And now they are not:—
Why was I born?
Japh. To die! in youth to die,
And happier in that doom,
Than to behold the universal tomb
Which I
Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain.
Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

[*The Waters rise; Men fly in every direction; many are overtaken by the waves; the Chorus of Mortals disperses in search of safety up the Mountains; Japhet remains upon a rock, while the Ark floats towards him in the distance.*

We think we have supplied sufficient specimens to prove the Miltonic character of this high-wrought and nervous production; and we have only further to observe, that unless "Paradise Lost" itself is to be attacked, even the unutterably contemptible and hypocritical vermin who are prosecuting the "Vision of Judgment," must be satisfied with the genuine scriptural tone preserved in the developement of the grand incident of this dramatic Mystery. Demons and the wicked descendants of Cain alone speak and argue as in character they are bound to do; nor must we object to some noble touches of nature and magnanimity in the offspring of the first-born of Adam, condemned as they were. Milton allows something of this sort even to the too lovely Dalilah, although a Philistine; and all hearts acknowledge it, except those of Inquisitors and *Auto-da-fé* people. But enough: we must again repeat, that our object is neither to praise nor to criticise, but to indicate only.

Leaving light and subordinate articles to a more general notice in conclusion, we proceed to an eloquent article on the "Spirit of Monarchy. We will not attempt to describe what is indescribable:—all chemists know there is a spirit so ardent and unconveyable, that it either breaks or escapes from every vessel which is vainly intended to contain it,—and such is the article to which we are now alluding. We must, in consequence, trust to extract, and therefore submit the following passage:—

"Let us take the Spirit of Monarchy in its highest state of exaltation, in the moment of its proudest triumph—a Coronation-day. We now see it in our mind's eye; the preparation of weeks—the expectation of months—the seats, the privileged places, are occupied in the obscurity of night, and in silence—the day dawns slowly, big with the hope of Cæsar and of Rome—the golden censers are set in order, the tables groan with splendour and with luxury—within the inner space the rows of peeresses are set, and revealed to the eye decked out in ostrich feathers and pearls, like bed of lilies sparkling with a thousand dew-drops—the marshals and the heralds are in motion—the full organ, majestic, peals forth the Coronation Anthem—every thing is ready—and all at once the Majesty of kingdoms bursts upon the astonished sight—his person is swelled out with all the gorgeousness of dress, and swathed in bales of silk and golden tissues—the bow with which he greets the assembled multitude and the representatives of foreign kings, is the climax of conscious dignity, bending gracefully on its own bosom, and instantly thrown back into the sightless air, as if asking no recognition in return—the oath of mutual fealty between him and his people is taken—the fairest flowers of female beauty precede the Sovereign, scattering roses; the sons of princes page his heels, holding up the robes of crimson and ermine—he staggers and reels under the weight of royal pomp, and of a nation's eyes; and thus the pageant is launched into the open day, dazzling the sun, whose beams seem beaten back by the sun of royalty—there were the warrior, the statesman, and the mitred head—there was Prince Leopold, like a panther in its dark glossy pride, and Castlereagh, clad in triumphant smiles and snowy satin, unstained with his own blood—the loud trumpet brays, the cannon roars, the spires are mad with music, the stones in the street are startled at the presence of a king:—the crowd press on, the metropolis heaves like a sea in restless motion, the air is thick with loyalty's quick pants in its monarch's arms—all eyes drink up the sight, all tongues reverberate the sound—

"A present deity they shout around,
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound!"

What does it all amount to? A show—a theatrical spectacle! What does it prove? That a king is crowned, that a king is dead! What is the moral to be drawn from it, that is likely to sink into the heart of a nation? That greatness consists in finery, and that supreme merit is the dower of birth and fortune! It is a form, a ceremony to which each successor to the throne is entitled in his turn as a matter of right. Does it depend on the inheritance of virtue, on the acquisition of knowledge in the new monarch, whether he shall be thus exalted in the eyes of the people? No:—to say so is not only an offence in manners, but a violation of the laws. The king reigns in contempt of any such pragmatical distinctions. They are set aside, proscribed, treasonable, as it relates to the august person of the monarch; what is likely to become of them in the minds of the people? A Coronation overlays and drowns all such considerations for a generation to come, and so far it serves its purpose well. It debauches the understandings of the people, and makes them the slaves of sense and show. It laughs to scorn and tramples upon every other claim to distinction or respect. Is the chief person in the pageant a tyrant? It does not lessen, but aggrandise him to the imagination. Is he the king of a free people? We make up in love and loyalty what we want in fear. Is he young? He borrows understanding and experience from the learning and tried wisdom of councils and parliaments. Is he old? He leans upon the youth and beauty that attend his triumph. Is he weak? Armies support him with their myriads. Is he diseased? What is health to a staff of physicians? Does he die? The truth is out, and he is then—nothing!

The following note is so pleasant, we cannot help giving it, with a brief portion of the passage which led to it:—

"What chance is there that monarchs should not yield to the temptations of gallantry there, where youth and beauty are as wax? What female heart can indeed withstand the attractions of a throne——the smile that melts all hearts, the air that awes rebellion, the frown that kings dread, the hand that scatters fairy wealth, that bestows titles, places, honour, power, the breast on which the star glitters, the head circled with a diadem, whose dress dazzles with its richness and its taste, who has nations at his command, senates at his controul, "in form and motion so express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" The power of resistance is so much the less, where fashion extends impunity to the frail offender, and screens the loss of character."*

The "Spirit of Monarchy" is followed by "The Dogs," a satirical rhapsody, produced by one of those very common facts, which, like bad shillings, pass muster in a crowd, but "nailed to the counter," look odiously brassy and unsightly. In a word, it is founded on the following simple statement from the humble "Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment."

"I at this time got a post, being for fatigue, with other four. We were sent to break biscuit, and make a mess for Lord Wellington's Hounds. I was very hungry, and thought it a good job at the time; as we got our own fill, while we broke the biscuit—a thing I had not got for some days. When thus engaged, the Prodigal Son was never once out of my mind; and I sighed, as I fed the Dogs, over my humble situation and my ruined hopes."—*Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment during the War in Spain.*

* "A lady of quality abroad, in allusion to the gallantries of the reigning Prince, being told, "I suppose it will be your turn next?" said, "No, I hope not; for you know it is impossible to refuse!" What a satire on the court and fashionables! If this be true, female virtue in the blaze of royalty is no more than the moth in the candle, or ice in the sun's ray. What will the great themselves say to it, in whom at this rate,

——"the same luck holds,
They all are subjects, courtiers, and cuckolds!"

Out upon it! We'll not believe it. Alas! poor virtue, what is to become of the very idea of it, if we are to be told that every man within the precincts of a palace is an *hypothetical* cuckold, or holds his wife's virtue in trust for the Prince? We entertain no doubt that many ladies of quality have resisted the importunities of a throne, and that many more would do so in private life, if they had the desired opportunity: nay, we have been assured by several that a king would no more be able to prevail with them than any other man! If however there is any foundation for the above insinuation, it throws no small light on the Spirit of Monarchy, which by the supposition implies in it the *virtual* surrender of the whole sex at discretion; and at the same time accounts perhaps for the indifference shown by some monarchs in availing themselves of so mechanical a privilege."

As extract cannot supply an adequate notion of this piece of humour, we merely give the two first stanzas, to shew the nature of the versification and handling:—

I sing a matter of some sixty dogs,
That dined in the Peninsula on biscuit.
Under the old regime the French eat frogs;
Under the new some Englishmen would frisk it
If they had anything besides their fogs.
I'd thank Apollo therefore to touch his kit,
While I strike up a dance, that I've a notion
Will set the whole of Puppydom in motion.

Attend then to me, puppies of all sorts,
All by whom hangs a tale; including you,
The blacker kind, who practise in the courts,
And from the back of whose strange curls hang two:
And you, of whom I hear such bad reports
In these great times, ye poor inferior crew,
Ye Men—do you too listen to my song:
I mean to shew you that your claims are wrong.

"Letters from Abroad, No. II." contains a description of Genoa by the author of that of Pisa, of which it retains all the pleasant characteristics with a few more arising from the more lively nature of the subject. The object of the author is evidently to convey first impressions with piquancy and ease, and to sport the casual associations to which they lead him with the *naiveté* of spontaneous narrative. This at least is the character of the present specimen.

Another article of some length is intitled "A Tale of the Passions;" it exhibits two or three instances of fine conception, and a deep tone of feeling; but we think the catastrophe might have been managed more felicitously. It is a Neapolitan story of the Age of Charles of Anjou.

An exceedingly lively and eloquent piece of expatiation follows, the inspirer of which is that specially-gifted nondescript Jean Jaques Rousseau. The article is called "Les Charmettes," the name of the mansion of Madame Warens, so well known by the confessions of its celebrated inmate. We shall hear much hypocritical common-place upon the spirited frankness of this—not defence of the vices or failings of wayward genius, but candid muster of the qualities and virtues to be placed against them. This sort of writing perplexes the vermin of bigotry more than any other; they know how to meet counter sophistication, but are utterly foiled by the *bonhommie* of writers, who having nothing to do but to follow their convictions, make sad havoc with the formal "saws and instances" which appear so formidable in *parade*, but which, like the old King of Prussia's regiment of giants, do little or no execution in the nimbler conflicts of mind. Many will be delighted with this article, without adopting the majority of its conclusions—a case which may possibly be our own.

A bibliographical notice, which is no way dull, is a great curiosity, and that curiosity is found in an account of the "Daphnis and Chloe" of Longus, a very pleasant specimen of which is translated from the Greek of that author, of whom the majority even of scholars know little but the name. A wholesale condemnation of the author for licentiousness has been partly the reason, according to the writer of this article; who describes with much felicity the order of pedagogue from which English students in general derive their knowledge of Greek,—to the implicit reception of much erroneous and solemn dogmatism; and the exclusion, *upon trust*, of every thing out of the high turnpike-road of classical acquirement. The critic of Longus has contrived to be at once both scholastic and lively, which is not very frequently the case, and we are sorry for it.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell upon the lighter portion of this number, even in the way of enumeration; but we may observe, that we are only precluded by the length to which we have already gone, from alluding to three or four more subjects, which ought not to be passed over on any other account.

We must not forget to state, that this number exceeds the last by two or three sheets, and that its contents are much more various. Q.

IRELAND.

The Irish Papers are filled with accounts of public meetings and addresses to the Lord-Lieutenant, expressive of abhorrence at the late violent outrage of the Orangemen against his Excellency's person and government, at the Dublin theatre.

The investigation into the circumstances of the affair proceeds with activity. Two persons have been committed upon the charge of having conspired "with divers other persons" to take away the life of his Excellency—a third person apprehended under a warrant, and committed for the same charge—and three persons admitted to bail on a charge of conspiring to cause, and having actually caused, a riot.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

An express which left Paris on Thursday morning, brings the important intelligence, that on Wednesday evening the King of France presided at a Council of Ministers, when, after long discussion, the great question of peace or war was settled. The King was most decided in his support of the pacific system of his Prime Minister M. de Villele; and the result of the Council was, that M. de Montmorency received his dimissal from the Cabinet. M. de Villele instantly sent off to Madrid an extraordinary courier with this important decision.

PARIS, DEC. 19.—(Substance of a letter from the Spanish frontier):—The remnant of the *Armée de la Foi* arrived on the bank of the ——, closely pursued by the corps of Mina, to escape from whom they plunged into the river; and having reached the French territory, fired upon their pursuers. These returned their fire, and unfortunately killed three French soldiers, and wounded two. Mina arrived, ordered his troops to cease firing, and sent an Aide-de-Camp with a flag of truce to the French General Curial, with a strong remonstrance upon this infamous violation of neutral ground by the dastard fanatics. Curial replied, that he disapproved of the conduct of the miserable wretches who had sought refuge in France, adding, that he would cause the French territory to be respected by each party; ordered the soldiers of the Faith to be instantly disarmed, and commanded his own troops to break the arms of the fanatics in presence of both armies—an order which the French obeyed with good will. Mina ordered his men to pile their arms, and then to *repose*. After this order, troops are no longer considered under the control of their officers. To the number of six thousand men they advanced to the edge of the river, and with one voice saluted the French troops on the opposite bank with shouts of "*Vive la Constitution!*"—"*Vive la Liberté!*" "*La mort aux tyrans!*" (I give you the French words reported to me). The French soldiers returned the salute, at which Curial was indignant: but a new and more important incident attracted his attention—this was the apparation of a large body of French soldiers, *headed by officers*, advancing to the river; he was paralyzed—they plunged in. No longer doubting their intentions, he ordered the other troops to fire on them—*not a man obeyed*. He then ordered up a detachment of *gens d'armes*, gave them a similar command, snatched in succession and fired himself two muskets at the deserters; the *gens d'armes* then discharged their pieces, a compliment that was returned by a volley from the late soldiers of France, on their reaching the opposite bank of the river. Here they found several French Officers and Sub-Officers. Curial ordered the remaining troops to their quarters—*that night* 1,500 *men passed over to the Spaniards* with their arms, and were immediately formed into a regiment.—*Private Letter.*

BAYONNE, DEC. 17.—The insurrection is dying away in all the provinces of Spain; the band of Zabala is extinguished; nearly all the officers and sub-officers have taken refuge in France, all the couriers from Madrid, and every other point of the Peninsula now arrive without delay.

SPAIN.

An article professing to be official, and probably authentic, in a Madrid paper of December 14, states that an alliance offensive and defensive has been actually settled between Spain and Portugal, under which Portugal is to despatch immediately a corps of 8,000 picked troops to the assistance of the Spaniards—this force to be increased as occasion may require—the old question relating to Olivenza to be adjourned to a more tranquil season.

Letters from the northern provinces detail the operations of General Mina against the remaining insurgents in Catalonia. He approached Urgel, and had several actions with the troops of the rebel Romagosa, who sallied from the forts, but could not prevent Mina's forces from gaining possession of and desolating the town. Romagosa remained blockaded in the forts. In Navarre, General Torrijos was pressing on the rebel Carlos O'Donnel. Torrijos had published an amnesty, which caused numbers to desert from the rebel standard.

MADRID, DEC. 8.—The King and Royal Family are guarded with more strictness than ever. Since the 7th of July, Ferdinand has been as much a prisoner in the hands of the Cortes, as ever Napoleon was at St. Helena. There are household guards, armed

with small carbines, stationed in different rooms of the Palace, and the stairs are night and day lined with battle-axe men. Formerly strangers had little difficulty in entering the Palace, and viewing the magnificent pictures and furniture; but now no one is permitted to enter not connected with the household, and the faces of all who come out are strictly examined. On Court days, indeed, the prohibition of entrance is necessarily dispensed with, but very few attend these ceremonies except the Liberals. I happened to be walking yesterday near the Palace, when the Royal Family were preparing to take their promenade. The infantry guards were drawn up in the square before the Palace, and about twenty-five horse guards were waiting to escort the Royal carriages. The King and Queen descended the staircase, attended by several officers of state, all in full dress; that is to say, in dark blue coats, turned up with crimson, laced with gold, in the usual military fashion, white smallclothes, and white silk stockings. Such was also the dress of the King, in addition to which he wore a blue riband over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The Queen, a slight genteel figure, appeared in a pink satin hat, very plain, and a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine, which covered the remainder of her dress. Her face has a mild beauty in it, which strongly interests a spectator. It looked on this occasion pale, and oppressed with inward suffering. The face of the King is remarkable for the vacancy—and, indeed, I must say, the deformity of its expression. The chin and lower lip protrude considerably beyond the line of the upper features, and seem scarcely to belong to them. The upper lip is enveloped in mustachios; and yet with these features almost of the animal tribe, there is a mixture of intelligence, loftiness, and feebleness in his eye, which indicates a very peculiar character. Two of the officers of state placed themselves at each side of the carriage door, offering their shoulders to the assistance of her Majesty. She merely took the hand of the King. She smiled not, scarcely looked around her, and spoke not a syllable. The King, who is a good portly figure, was as reserved and silent as the Queen. Before the carriage drove off, his Majesty put out his hand from the window, and received petitions from seven or eight old women who were waiting. Don Carlos, the King's eldest brother—and very like him, with the exception that his figure is short—his wife and family followed in the second coach, equally reserved. Don Francisco and his consort, followed in the third. He has a good face, but a short figure. In getting in he gave one or two of the officers a nod of recognition, and forced a smile into his countenance, which seemed to be very little valued by those for whom it was meant. The carriages rolled away without a cheer, or an expression of any sort from the persons present, attended by the escort already noticed. The infantry received the King in a respectful manner, the band playing, and the standard lowered as he passed. Thus the King and the Royal Family take their rides every afternoon—thus attended—thus guarded. If they have amongst them a spark of sentiment, they must envy the humblest cottager whom they meet on their road, for he is free to breathe the mountain air, and to turn the head of his mule to whatever point he pleases.—*Private Letter.*

Dec. 14.—The disunion between the Ministerialists and the Zurriagoists becomes more and more manifest. The real authors of the *Zurriago*, Pizarro and Jonama, have just been exiled—the former to Ivica, and the latter to the Canaries, in virtue of a dictatorial authority which the Cortes has given to the Government in certain cases.—*French Paper.*

PORTUGAL.

The Ordinary Cortes assembled on the 1st. The King made an effort to attend in person, but an indisposition by which he had been for some days oppressed became so severe as to compel his Majesty to absent himself, and to commit the perusal of his speech to a Minister. The speech contained no particular allusion to the state of foreign affairs. The answer of the President simply expressed on this point the confidence of the Cortes, that the nation "had nothing to fear for its external security." The President spoke with warm eulogy of the sincere and faithful conduct of the King. In allusion to the assembling of this the first Cortes since the political Constitution had been completed, he described it as "the happy and solemn meeting of the Hereditary Representative" (the King) "and the Elected Representatives of the Portuguese nation."

Lisbon, Dec. 7.—In the sitting of the Cortes of the 4th, a report was made on a despatch from the Minister for the Home Department, in which the Congress was informed that the Queen, having refused to take the oath to the Constitution of the Monarchy, the King had resolved on carrying into execution the decree of the Cortes, ordaining that whoever shall refuse to swear to the Constitution shall quit the kingdom, and renounce the rights of a Portuguese citizen. But that the Queen having represented that her delicate health would not permit her to travel without endangering her life, and the physicians of her household having declared that her life would be endangered if she were compelled to undertake a journey either by sea or land;—his Majesty issued a decree, commanding the Queen to retire to the Quinta de Ramalhao with the necessary attendants, but refusing her request to be allowed to take along with her the Infantas her daughters; adding, that this retirement in the Quinta de Ramalhao should continue until the state of her health might permit her to travel beyond the kingdom.

GREECE.

Trieste, Dec. 6.—Eight thousand Albanians, under the command of Omer Vrioni, entered Acarnania, and advanced as far as Missolong, where Maurocordato, Normann, and other Greek Chiefs, were posted in considerable force. Three Turkish ships bombarded the city from the sea. Marcos Bozearis, with 3000 Greeks, occupied the pass of Tygos, surrounded by 2000 Turks. For three days the Greeks disputed the pass, and during that time they were without food. Matters were in a state of despair, when twelve Greek ships arrived at Missolong on November 3d, having on board 3,000 soldiers. The three Turkish vessels were immediately attacked and burnt, and the Greeks disembarked. United with the forces in the town, they immediately attacked the Turks, who, unable to resist, took to flight, and being pursued, several of them were drowned in the Achelous, many others were killed, and a considerable number made prisoners, only the cavalry saving themselves.—*Private Letter.*

Dec. 7.—Important news from Hydra, of the 23d of Nov. has arrived here, which will be heard with interest in Christian Europe. The heroic Greek seamen, in their slight mercantile vessels, had followed the great Turkish fleet to the neighbourhood of Tenedos, and there saw, with impatience, the enemy at anchor, with the intention of returning to Constantinople. The same sailors who had caused the fate of the former Captain Pacha, offered to make a second similar attempt. The Admiral gave permission, and 17 brave Greeks, headed by one Melauly, approached the great Admiral's ship at seven o'clock in the evening of the 10th of November, with fire-ships. The people on board this Colossus already apprehended the approaching misfortune, when Melauly, with his own hand, threw combustibles in the fire-ships, and hastened the explosion. The success was brilliant. The Admiral's ship, with the Captain Pacha on board, and 2,500 men, was blown up. Two frigates began to burn. The Turks were thrown into confusion, of which the Greeks took advantage, and took a frigate of 36 guns, undamaged. Thus, in the course of this year, three Captain Pachas have perished; one of them died of the plague. Extraordinary rejoicings took place at Hydra on this occasion; their joy was still greater, because the welcome news was brought by an English corvette, which had hoisted the Greek flag along with its own. The policy of the English appears to have quite altered; at least the Greek blockade is at length recognized by them.—[The above narrative, which appears in the German Papers, is confirmed in substance by accounts from various quarters, some of which speak of a second attempt of the Greek fire-ships upon the flying remnant of the Turkish fleet, as it was entering the Dardanelles, which failed, owing to a sudden calm. The vessel captured by the Greeks is called a brig in some of the accounts.]

RUSSIA.

Letters from Warsaw and Wilna, of a recent date, have been received in Frankfort: they announce, that great movements are about to be made in the Russian armies of the south and west. The corps d'armée which is in Bessarabia will immediately be reinforced with four regiments of infantry, and several pulks of Cossacks, and artillery in proportion.—*French Paper.*

PERSIA.

By letters from Persia, dated Tabriz, 27th of August last, it appears, that on the 1st of July the Persians, under the command of the Prince Royal, marched from that city and attacked the Turks on the 3rd of August, who, in less than an hour, were completely defeated, with the loss of their tents and baggage, ten 4-pounders, two 12-pounders, one 14-pounder, one 16-pounder, and one mortar. The Persians pursued them to within two days' march of Azzaroom, which place would have fallen into their hands, but the cholera-morbus afflicting the victorious troops, and fatigue rendering the disease mortal, the Prince Royal and his army returned to Tabriz with the spoils they had taken.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Tuesday, December 24.

BANKRUPTCY ENLARGED.

W. Noakes, Old City-chambers, wine-merchant, from Dec. 23 to Jan. 18.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Bennet, Worcester, glover. Solicitors, Messrs. Collett, Wimburn, and Collett, Chancery-lane.

J. S. Radford, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Knowles, New-inn.

T. Greenwell, Sunderland, merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.

C. Allen, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, woollen-draper. Solicitor, Mr. Mercer, Furnival's-inn.

W. Bailey, Deptford, merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Badsford, Horselydown-lane.

J. Barnes, Pendleton, Lancashire, brewer. Solicitors, Messrs. Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

M., F. S., and W. S Agard, Borrowash, Derbyshire, millers. Solicitor, Mr. Barbor, Fetter-lane.

H. Marsland, Handforth-cum-Bosden, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer. Solicitor, Mr. Tyler, Temple.

T. Mills, Milverton, Somersetshire, baker. Solicitors, Messrs. Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn square.

S. R. Hoofstetter, Sheffield, merchant. Solicitor, Mr. Blakelock, Sergeant's-inn.

W. T. Heath, Cushion-court, Broad-street, merchant. Solicitors, Messrs. Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

Saturday, December 29.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Oland, Bristol, potter. Solicitors, Messrs. Holme and Co. New-inn.

T. Roose, Liverpool, baker. Solicitor, Mr. Chester, Staple-inn.

THE FUNDS.—No less than nine expresses arrived yesterday morning from Paris. The important intelligence they brought we have detailed elsewhere. Pacific opinions prevailed previously, but on the receipt of the important decision of the French Cabinet, Consols of course immediately rose. Great pains were taken to throw doubts upon the intelligence, but with little effect, the previous probability having been all in favour of it. This successful interference of the good genius of the House of Bourbon will be a great blow to the Ultras, who, aware that this important Cabinet meeting was to decide the point, have puffed themselves up into the most sanguine, or rather *sanguinary*, expectations. We wish to think that the influence of Great Britain has been successfully exerted on this occasion. We supply the latest quotations, which will exhibit the operation of this news on the money-market generally :—

Consols for Account . . . 81⅛

SATURDAY—A Holiday at the Bank.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

French 5 per Cents. —	Prussian, 86
Russian 6 per Cents. 83½	Prussian of 1822, 86½
Russian of 1822, 82¾ 83	Danish, in £ sterling, 91
Peruvian Scrip, 78	Colombian 6 per Cents. 69
Neapolitan 5 per C. 78¼	Chilian 6 per Cents. 73½
Austrian 5 per Cents.	American 6 per Cents. —
Spanish of 1820, 65	Ditto 5 per Cents. —
Ditto of 1821, 57	Ditto 3 per Cents. —
Ditto Scrip of 1822, 7¼ disc.	

TO THE READERS OF THE EXAMINER.

A considerable alteration in our plan will take place next Sunday, being the first of the New Year. Instead of the present sheet of 16 *pages, the Sunday* EXAMINER *will henceforward consist of* three *sheets of demy quarto, stitched up, making* 24 *pages—a trifle wider than the present, but folded in the same manner, and having the same appearance. The Reader will hardly be able to call us "an old friend with a new face," for our identity will be indisputable in every point of view, though we shall certainly have grown greatly in size, and no less, we trust, in entertainment.*

The additional space obtained (more than half as much again) we propose to use, partly in enlarging those departments of NEWS *and* MISCELLANY *where our limits now cramp us most,—partly in supplying every week a copious article under the head* LITERARY NOTICES, *to include an account of all new works worthy notice, with extracts,—and partly in frequent* ORIGINAL ESSAYS *of a light and various kind. Our alterations will be wholly in the way of addition: nothing will be omitted or changed that makes a part of our present plan; and least of all do we intend to modify our political or other principles. The price too will remain as before*—Seven-pence; *indeed, except in the quantity and the stitching, the* general look *of the* EXAMINER *will not differ from what it now is. The printing for some time past has been very good; consequently the only improvement we can promise in the typography will be such as a better quality of paper will produce.*

After the present week, therefore, our Readers in the Metropolis and its neighbourhood, and also those in large towns who are supplied by coach-parcels, will receive the Sunday Edition unstamped, such as we have described.

A MONDAY EDITION, *on a stamped sheet, exactly as at present, except a small increase in the width of the page, will be forwarded by Monday night's mails to all readers in the country who are supplied by post.*

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, DEC. 29.

AT last, the question between Spain and the BOURBONS appears to be settled, at least as far as regards actual hostilities. An express from Paris, which left that capital so late as Thursday morning, announces the sitting of a Council of Ministers the evening before, at which the KING presided, when peace was resolved on, and, as a necessary consequence, M. MONTMORENCY, the leader of the war party in the Ministry, received his dismissal. After all the threats and abuse so freely indulged in against Spain by the hireling journals; after the assembling of the Army of Observation, and the very costly preparations of warlike *materiel*, this retraction will make the French BOURBONS the laughing-stock of Europe. Contempt and ridicule, however, are not so formidable as insurrection and the risk of dethronement; and war certainly could not have been undertaken without imminent peril of the latter results. We suspect the temper manifested by the aforesaid Army of Observation has had much to do with this pacific determination. The description in a private letter from Paris (which the reader will find among our foreign extracts) of the scene on the boundary line between the troops of MINA, the wretches of "the Faith," and the French soldiers, is exceedingly interesting; and if only a tenth part of its statement be well founded, is quite enough to drive every idea of invading Spain out of the head of any Ultra not actually insane.

The above intelligence, we should observe, rests at present upon the authority of the *Times* newspaper, which however gives it without the least reservation, and is a journal very tenacious of its reputation for correct information. It is nevertheless curious, that many Paris letters of Thursday afternoon make no mention of any decisive resolution of the Cabinet, or of the dismissal of M. MONTMORENCY. The *Etoile* of Thursday evening has since arrived, being the only Paris paper

published on that day; and it contains the following brief paragraph on the subject:—

"*Paris, Dec.* 26.

"The Council of Ministers held yesterday, at which the KING presided, lasted three hours and a half. On breaking up, the Ministers again assembled. The Ambassadors of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, despatched extraordinary couriers to Madrid. These couriers are bearers of the resolutions of the Congress with regard to Spain."

This rather tends in our estimation to confirm the pacific intelligence; for the *Etoile*, being the organ of the furious war-party, might naturally be silent as to the *result* of the Council, if that result were pacific, and indeed would have been glad enough to proclaim it, had it been the reverse. It might not chuse either to be the first to announce the dismissal of a favourite Minister.

The insurrection in the North of Spain is fast dying away, though O'DONNEL is still at the head of some bands in Navarre, and the remnant of the Catalonian rebels holds out in Urgel against MINA. But numbers of the deluded peasants abandon the standard of the Faith, and numbers more seek refuge within the French frontier in the most destitute condition, It is quite evident, that nothing but the immediate advance of the French armies could save the insurgents from complete destruction, and all hope of that, we should suppose, must have been put an end to by the season alone, if other circumstances had not decided it. Meanwhile Spain and Portugal have manifested a true sense of natural policy by forming an offensive and defensive alliance, in virtue of which the troops of *both* nations will hold themselves in readiness to unite for the repulse of all foreign aggressors. The Cortes of Spain abate no jot of their preparatory vigour; the recruiting goes on rapidly, the militia are training, and the magazines being formed; while FERDINAND remains in a state of complete passiveness—or *restraint*, if the Ultras please so to term it—for which, if every sense of shame have not left him, he ought to be grateful and submissive. A very characteristic account of the person and appearance of this royal animal is supplied in a letter from Madrid, the writer of which saw him, along with the QUEEN and the Infant Princes, go out one day from the palace for an afternoon's airing. A part of the letter will be found under the foreign head. The marked silence with which the *Thing* is received in public, is peculiarly expressive. No execrations or offensive shouts escape from the people; but "no one cries *God bless him!*" *He* knows his unatoned offences—the Spaniards consult "their own honour and dignity;" and thus his daily rides elicit nothing but a mutual consciousness, which is a real "moral lesson" to all parties.

The news from Greece is extremely enlivening. The Greek sailors have given another specimen of that heroism and enterprise which raise them to an equality, in point of gallantry, with their illustrious ancestors. An attack made by their fire-ships upon the Turkish fleet at Tenedos was crowned with complete success, the Admiral's ship and a second Captain Pacha being blown up, and other advantages gained, in the particulars of which, however, the accounts do not agree. On the Continent too the oppressors have been foiled: an assault upon Missolonghi by the Pacha OMER VRIONE was baffled by the valour of its defenders, until, a timely succour arriving, they were enabled to become assailants in their turn, and dispersed the Turks with great slaughter. It is impossible to read accounts of such actions as these, or the devoted struggle of the little people of Suli (of which an interesting account appears in the Second Number of the *Liberal*) without feeling a warm sympathy with the hopes and sufferings of so noble and aspiring a race. By the way, the policy of the English in the Levant has changed in favour of the Greeks, which is attributed to a change of policy in the Cabinet at home, and that again to certain jealousies in regard to Russia, for which the well-known disposition and renewed military movements of that Power afford very strong grounds. If there be any foundation for this belief—which we earnestly hope, and are not disinclined to credit—the wonder is, not that the English Government should manifest some sense of its real policy (to say nothing of loftier considerations) towards Greece, but that it should so long have shewn an insensibility on the subject, and have incurred the risk of losing all the advantages which Greek Independence offers to our commercial and political relations. The *Courier*, which not many months ago talked of "the Greek cause being at an end," and very amiably congratulated the "real friends of humanity" on that happy result,—now introduces the notices of Grecian victories with great complacency, and indulges in hints about the sinister views of ALEXANDER the Magnanimous towards Turkey, which pretty well discover the quantum of confidence which the other Allies place in the "pacific intentions" of an armed despot in regard to the tempting and long-coveted territory of an embarrassed neighbour. The recent tumults at Constantinople, and the triumph of the ungovernable Janissaries over the peaceful party in the Divan, increase the prospect of war.—A crisis of some sort in the East of Europe is indeed evidently anticipated on all sides; which, coupled with the critical situation of France and Spain, cannot fail to make the politics of the spring very interesting. We take comfort in the persuasion, that Greek Independence is too firmly established to admit the return of any large portion of Greece to its former cruel thraldom.

We find, by the indictment against the Publisher of the *Liberal*, that the Bridge-street Gang have confined their charge of libel to the "seditious" passages,—that is to say, to the passages respecting the character of the late King and his reign. As we knew, before the indictment was legally drawn up, it was their *intention* to make also a charge of blasphemy, it is clear that they abandoned the latter upon more mature consideration. Whether the motive was the weakness of the ground, or a tenderness towards Mr. SOUTHEY, we cannot say. If the latter, we must remind them, that the omission of the charge by no means saves the Poet Laureate and Ex-Jacobin from a public discussion of his precious farrago of base and servile flattery. Indeed, the gross adulation of GEORGE the Third, and the rancorous abuse of that Monarch's adversaries, are by far the most offensive features of the loyal "*Vision of Judgment.*" Mr. SOUTHEY's dealing out of divine awards is more ridiculous than any thing else; but his mode of deifying a weak and mischievous Monarch at the expense of truth and patriotism, was extremely provocative of that sort of contradiction and exposure which is in fact the object of Lord BYRON's "*Vision.*" The Noble Lord himself explains to this effect the feeling which

prompted him to write his satire, in that Preface which Mr. MURRAY the Bookseller contrived to withhold from the first edition of the *Liberal*. It will however appear in a day or two in a second edition; and the public will admire the pithy and forcible manner in which the Author had anticipated the objections which have been made to the Poem. The intention and scope of the '*Vision*" are indeed so clearly pointed out in the Preface, that had not one Mr. MURRAY perpetrated the suppression, we exceedingly doubt whether the other Mr. MURRAY could have had the assurance (which is saying much) to have preferred the indictment. The reader may partly judge of this from the following passage in the forthcoming preface:—

"If there is any thing obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public, in the following poem, they may thank Mr. SOUTHEY. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonize a Monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot King,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new "Vision," his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt."

The Ultra Journals of Paris and London make much ado about the violent speeches occasionally uttered at the *clubs* in Madrid, and would willingly have the rash expressions of a few heated politicians considered as affecting the question of peace or war between France and Spain! The Landaburian Society (so called in honour of Landaburu, a Constitutional officer of the Guards massacred by them in the rebellion of July) is especially the object of their malicious remarks and exaggerations. Romero Alpuente, an orator of some note, made a foolish and violent speech the other day, it appears, in which he denounced the clergy, the aristocracy, and the *literati*, as enemies to the Constitution, and alluded with approbation to the mode of getting rid of those obnoxious classes adopted by the French Revolutionists, "who executed 14,000 in one night." This is doubtless very silly and very reprehensible; but the Members of the Landaburian Society are not the Representatives of the People of Spain, and the nation is not answerable for the violence and absurdity of any individual orators. Above all, we must admire the impudence with which these ebullitions have been complained of by the journals of the French Government,—of that Government which not only uses the most insulting language towards the Spaniards through its demi-official organs, but which has fomented by its intrigues the rebellion of the monks and corruptionists, and supplied them with money and arms, and thus in fact provoked, if not justified, the angry feelings at which it now affects to be scandalized! The Madrid Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* makes a sensible remark on the injustice of estimating the political opinions of a nation or a capital from the over-zealous warmth of one or two orators. "I recollect," he observes, "having been at a public meeting held some years ago in the Freemasons' Tavern, at which Lord Cochrane made a violent harangue. A Frenchman who was near me, asked if his Lordship's speech would not produce an immediate revolution. I endeavoured to calm his apprehensions upon this point, and, at the same time, I perceived how naturally strangers are generally apt to impute the sentiments of a few individuals to a whole country."

POLITICAL QUACKERY.—The *Morning Chronicle* tells us, that Mr. Canning is busy hatching a plan to stop the mouths of the Country Gentlemen next session; and further, that the scheme is, to engage the Bank to lend 8 or 10 millions to the Landlords, at 4 per cent, to enable them to pay off existing mortgages at 5 per cent. This, it is added, is intended to make up to the landed proprietors for the fall of their rents! Really, if some wag have not invented this as a joke against Ministerial schemery, it beats hollow all Castlereagh's corn-pawning and other projects! The landlords' rents are reduced 30, 40, 50, 60, or 80 per cent. and indeed have altogether ceased in many cases: it was only last week that a West of England journal announced that a great Somerset landholder had a number of farms on his hands, which he could not find tenants for on *any* terms —not even *rent-free*. And yet here is Mr. Canning concocting a scheme for *making it up* to the landlords by causing them a saving of *one* per cent. on their interest-money! We say one per cent; but the fact is, the owners of land can themselves borrow at 4½, and we are grievously mistaken, if the expense of law papers, stamps, &c. necessary to the transfer, do not at least swallow up the remaining ½ per cent. of this notable "saving!"

ERRATUM.—In the Letter of S. C. last week, "Judicature was erroneously printed "*Judication*."

FINE ARTS.

MR. DAVID'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON.

THE highest point of glory attained by this most distinguished of modern statesmen and generals was the First Consulate of Republican France. He fell in dignity of condition and character, when he condescended to amuse himself with the toys and to be surrounded with the trappings and titles of royalty, the trappings and titles of the common-place Emperors and Kings, whose false education and adulatory condition render them inferior to the majority of their well-educated and respectable subjects. Giants in derived power, "mortal Gods on earth," as Lord BACON calls them, they are mostly pigmies in mind, at least in comparison to the high and solemn demands upon their capacities and conduct, "doing," says the same great philosopher, "of all kind of men, least for God, who doth most for them." NAPOLEON ordered his inauguration into this splendid littleness to be painted by M. DAVID; and the introduction into the picture of the portraits of the Emperor, of his first Empress, and the greater portion of the most distinguished civil, military, and ecclesiastical personages of that time in France, give it an important character to the general spectator. But the judge of Art will view it with a lower tone of feeling, not unmixed, however, with considerable approbation of beauties similar to those which have raised M. DAVID to a celebrity among his countrymen which will not be awarded him by foreigners. But they are sufficiently striking to prevent any suspicion that the republican and regicide Painter did not design and execute his imperial subject *con amore*. Its effect upon the eye is scattered, hard, and gaudy. There is so little concentration of effect, that the prime light on and behind NAPOLEON tells feebly, being lost amidst the surrounding glitter, and being itself subdued and subdivided by cutting forms. It is the same with the arrangement of the colours, so that the whole picture is without repose, being intersected in every part with clashing colours, obtru-

sive lights, and strippy shapes and lines. The colour is as faulty in each separate part as in its combination, the flesh especially having a sickly hue in the lights and a sooty one in the shadows; so that it partakes of nothing that charms either in the florid luxuriance, gaiety, and transparency of RUBENS or TINTORET, or of the chaster and broader luminousness of TITIAN. Yet all this glittering multiplicity of error and insignificance appears to have cost the Painter much labour; *magno conatu nugas*. The flutter of light, of forms, and impure party-colour, is the opposite to that cheerful if not gorgeous effect which is required by the particular subject of a royal pageant. We are too as little satisfied with the very common and almost vulgar look of many, if not most, of the official and other persons present, especially the Emperor's female relations,—his mother, sisters, &c. and still less with the appearance of the Emperor himself. This is the prime offence of the picture; a defect in the very core of its required character. Its essence is diluted down to insipidity. For though, morally speaking, we have considered NAPOLEON as degraded by the titles, trappings, and ceremonies of royalty, which poor human beings, sophisticated into kings, can perhaps seldom afford to do without, yet as the ceremony was intended to be the outward and visible sign of the invested power and grandeur of a great nation, the person invested ought to look as much as possible the dignity he represents. Instead of this, he is, in his general appearance, little more than a common-looking individual, except as far as the extrinsic appendages of royalty, the heavy robes and the crown, denote his superiority; and to these, this inefficient look is mainly owing, from the effeminacy with which they appear to clothe him, and from all true dignity of character of which drapery is capable, being destroyed by the trifling subdivision of them into small parts. There appears, indeed, in his countenance and action, some indication of conscious dignity, as there certainly is of power, but it is more than counteracted by the disguising dress. It is also counteracted by the Emperor's short stature. This militated much against the required expression, and therefore the Painter, who in this subject is not the painter of a mere likeness, but history,—of lofty feeling, sentiment, and circumstance, rather than of physical identity and littleness,—ought to have availed himself of the licence of Art to deviate from visible exactness in Nature, in order to give with truer energy than rigid resemblance can the grand expression of the subject. This, with the greatness, the towering spirit and ambition of NAPOLEON, the inward rather than the outward and personal portraiture of that illustrious man, ought to have been the main object of the Painter. "Common Nature," says RICHARDSON, "is no more fit for a picture than plain narration is for a poem. A Painter must raise his ideas beyond what he sees." This maxim he applies even to Portraiture; how much more justly then to History Painting, which, in representing facts, displays the influential motive of the transactors and the features of mental character. These are the chief faults of M. DAVID's Picture. It has several beauties. The general arrangement of the groups is agreeable, and the action and expression of many of the figures beautifully varied, and such as could be given only by a mind deeply observant of character. They eminently belong to the subject. Among these are the Pope's, who "is in the act of benediction"—the Prelate, who bears his tiara—a Patriarch of the Greek Church—the Cross-bearer, &c. the beautiful and connubial Madame de LAVALETTE, who, with the Countess de ROCHEFOUCAULT, holds the Empress's train—the cunning TALLEYRAND, the generous-minded EUGENE BEAUHARNOIS, the Cardinals, &c. The excellent Empress JOSEPHINE is the representative of the loveliness and mild dignity of her sex. She kneels to be crowned by NAPOLEON, who had just placed the imperial crown on his head; two singular actions, accordant to the originality and energy of his character, and significant of his superiority of claim to royalty over the mere Sovereigns by accident of birth, and that he had won his extraordinary way to the grand eminence by his own merit.

The descriptive catalogue adds much to the entertainment derived from the picture, shewing the high estimation in which the Emperor held the Fine Arts, and pointing out by an index, accompanied by a brief biographical notice, of the most distinguished persons on the canvass; but it contains a puffed and in some sort a puerile statement of the merits of the Gallic performance, for it is essentially French, vigorous in some points, but feeble as a whole; the grand principles of Art and Nature being in a very great measure sacrificed to petty detail, to shewy and extrinsic execution and effect; so that what is intrinsically solid is absorbed or at least greatly deteriorated by what is specious and futile, and the dignity of historic Art is familiarised into common place. Still the moral, political, and military recollections connected with a view of this work, and the portion of strong talent it contains, will give it not only present but permanent value. R. H.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Thursday evening we attended a representation of the tragedy of *Douglas*, and the first exhibition of a new pantomime, entitled *Harlequin and the Ogress; or the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*. The tragedy we only saw, it not being the pleasure of the gods either to hear it themselves, or to let it be heard by anybody else, save and except when a little involuntary homage to the energy of Mr. YATES, who now and then, like another Salmoneus, determined to thunder louder than Jupiter himself, produced a momentary pause. Dismissing *Douglas* therefore, we proceed to things that "come home to men's business and bosoms," which at Christmas time, is neither more nor less than an *Harlequinade*. We begin therefore by declaring in round terms, that *Harlequin and the Ogress* is a *hit*, and a very attractive pantomime. The introductory story, we are informed by the book of songs, is in strict accordance with the original edition of Mother Bunch, as far as the *Sleeping Beauty* is concerned; but that the *Ogress* is a piece of modern adaptation, of (we presume) the imaginative Mr. FARLEY. The tale is rapidly told; the scene opens and discovers three fates or witches, spinning a mystic thread, which is to renew the enchantment of the *Sleeping Beauty* for another hundred years. This fatal yarn is spun at the instance of the *Ogress*, who delivers it to *Grim-Grubber*, the porter of the enchanted castle, with orders to twine it round the arm of the *Princess*. In the mean time the fairy *Bluebell* (Master LONGHURST) stimulates a young *Prince* to seek her deliverance by waving a talisman over her head before Mr. *Grim-Grubber* can obey orders. This he happily performs, in consequence of the latter intoxicating himself with the enchanted wine, which the sleeping attendants had been holding out towards the *Princess* for the last hundred years. Thus defeated, the *Fairy* acquires the power of transforming the baffled *Ogress* into *Pantaloon* (BARNES); the *Prince* into *Harlequin* (ELLAR); the *Princess* into *Columbine* (Miss BRISSAK); the *Porter* into the *Clown* (the elder GRIMALDI); and the attendant of the *Prince* into *Whirligig*, his attendant still (GRIMALDI the son), *et voila*, as Lord Foppington says, *L'affaire est faite*, the grand business is done, and the frolick commences. The *fanfarronade* begins among the Pyramids of Egypt, where *Harlequin* most irreverently jumps down the throat of the Sphinx; the port of Rosetta succeeds; and then, with a nice attention to a due keeping of the grotesque, the—Pavilion at Brighton! A clever succession of whims and drollery in the usual style makes out the rest of the entertainment.

We must give praise where praise is due; and there seldom need be much reservation of panegyric when speaking of the scenery of Covent-garden theatre. In the present instance, the two grand requisites of ingenuity and good taste have been eminently blended. The first scene of the Egyptian Cavern was imagined with a *gusto* which almost made us regret its application. The Cedar Grove and its transformation were also delightfully imaginative; and the Enchanted Castle and Chamber, in excellent keeping. The *chef d'œuvre* of the evening in this line, however, was a panoramic representation of the sailing of the Royal Yacht from Greenwich to the Nore, in its way to Scotland. By the ingenious expedient of a sliding shore, we accompany his Majesty all the way, and contemplate a beautiful picturesque representation of Kentish scenery from Greenwich to the Medway, with all the gallant circumstance of naval show and loyal salutes, until a veil of clouds introduces night, in order to be rapidly succeeded by

day-break at Leith. All this obtained great applause, and with justice: it was a triumph of scenic effect, and of an able management of perspective and machinery.

Among the tricks, the most pleasant was the ingenious manufacture of a safety coach out of all sorts of materials, and the manner of getting it off the stage by a real pony. There were several others too, possessing novelty; and with a single, slight exception, they were all performed without error or *gaucherie*. We think we missed the due portion of the more quiet humour of Grimaldi; but of the active kind there was more than enough from all parties. The *Harlequin* and *Columbine* were very graceful and fantastic: in short, it was pretty nearly the methodised and tasteful absurdity this species of entertainment ought to be; and we recommend every one who can dispense with common-sense for an hour or two, to go and see it. Looking at the manner in which higher performances are neglected, as the mad wag Hal says of Jack Falstaff,—better things may be better spared.

DRURY-LANE.

It was very unthinking of you, Mr. ELLISTON, to select *Gog and Magog* as patrons of a pantomime. Upon the Shandean hypothesis of names the affair was sure to fail, for what have felicity of humour and eccentricity to do with Guildhall? *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius;* and particularly that wood which composes the gigantic brethren of the City. It is difficult to describe the plot of this pantomime, but we apprehend by the course of the scenery (*some* of which was very good) that it was intended to compare London as it *was* with London as it *is;* in other words, conspicuous places as they once appeared, and as they appear at present. Thus we have London before the great fire; the Theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, Old St. Paul's, &c. &c. This was the best part of the plan, and partially *told*,—but here our praise must end. The tricks were for the most part *old*, and what is still worse, most unskilfully executed. Why need we proceed,—it was hissed the first night, and damned the second; although it possibly may still visit "the glimpses of the moon," and "make night tedious" for a few evenings longer. We are sorry for this failure, because expense seems not to have been spared; and the pictorial ancient and modern localities deserved a more honourable fate. We ought to add, that little or no blame was attributable to the actors; the Harlequin and Columbine were excellent, and the Clown very passable. Numbers of spectators left the house before it concluded. This pantomime had better retire than the audience. *Verbum sap.* Q.

NEWSPAPER CHAT.

PEG FRYER was a favourite actress in the reign of Charles the Second, and, after a long absence, returned to the stage merely by way of a visit, in the reign of George the First. Charles Molloy, Esq. took a farce called the *Half-pay Officer*, from a tragi-comedy of Sir William Davenant's, and prevailed on Mrs. Fryer to take once more her original character of *Lady Richlove*, which, being that of an old woman, suited her years. Accordingly she was thus announced in the bills:—"*Lady Richlove* by the famous Peg Fryer, who has not appeared upon the stage these fifty years, and who will dance a jig at the end of the farce." A few remembered her, and went to the theatre to see an old favourite, but most went out of curiosity to see Mrs. Fryer then (1720) eighty-five years of age. This extraordinary woman sustained her part with great spirit, and was received with the most gratifying applause. But when she was to dance, she came on the stage apparently quite exhausted by her exertions, and scarcely able to support herself, made her obedience to the audience, and was about to retire, when the Orchestra struck up the Irish trot, and the animated old woman danced her promised jig with the nimbleness and vivacity of five-and-twenty, laughing at the surprise of the audience, and receiving unbounded applause. Mrs. Fryer, after this, kept a tavern at Tottenham-court, and her house was continually thronged with company, who went out of curiosity to converse with this extraordinary old woman.

THE RADIANT BOY.—The only tale which we shall insert in the present Number, is one very commonly reported of the present [late] Marquis of Londonderry; and is given on the authority of a gentleman to whom that nobleman himself related it.—It is now more than twenty years since Lord Londonderry was, for the first time, on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such a one as spectres are fabled to inhabit. It was associated with many recollections of historic times, and the sombre character of its architecture and the wildness of its surrounding scenery were calculated to impress the soul with that tone of melancholy and elevation, which,—if it be not considered as a predisposition to welcome the visitation of those unearthly substances that are impalpable to our sight in moments of less hallowed sentiment,—is indisputably the state of mind in which the imagination is most readily excited, and the understanding most favourably inclined to grant a credulous reception to its visions. The apartment also which was appropriated to Lord Londonderry was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling. From its antique appointments; from the dark and richly-carved panels of its wainscot; from its yawning width, and height of chimney—looking like the open entrance to a tomb, of which the surrounding ornaments appeared to form the sculptures and the entablature;—from the portraits of grim men and severe-eyed women, arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls; from the vast, dusky, ponderous, and complicated draperies that concealed the windows, and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funereal trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed,—Lord L. on entering his apartment, might be conscious of some mental depression, and surrounded by such a world of melancholy images, might perhaps feel himself more than usually inclined to submit to the influences of superstition. It is not possible that these sentiments should have been allied to any feelings of apprehension. Fear is acknowledged to be a most mighty master over the visions of the imagination. It can "call spirits from the vasty deep"—and they do come, when it does call for them. It trembles at the anticipation of approaching evil, and then encounters in every passing shadow the substance of the dream it trembled at. But such could not have been the origin of the form which addressed itself to the view of Lord Londonderry. Fear is a quality that was never known to mingle in the character of a Stewart. Lord Londonderry examined his chamber—he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, who sat upright in their ebony frames to receive his salutation; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candles had not been long extinguished, when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate—that the curtains were closed—that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few moments before, he supposed that some intruder must have accidentally entered his apartment; and, turning hastily round to the side from which the light proceeded—saw—to his infinite astonishment—not the form of any human visiter—but the figure of a fair boy, who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from his slender form like the faint light of the declining moon, and rendered the objects which were nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible. The spirit stood at some short distance from the side of the bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting that he might be imposed upon by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then visiting in the same house,—Lord Londonderry proceeded towards the figure. It retreated before him. As he slowly advanced, the form, with equal paces, slowly retired. It entered the vast arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord L. returned to his bed; but not to rest. His mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him. Was it real?—was it the work of imagination?—was it the result of imposture?—It was all incomprehensible. He resolved in the morning not to mention the appearance till he should have well observed the manners and the countenances of the family: he was conscious that, if any deception had been practised, its authors would be too delighted with their success to conceal the vanity of their triumph. When the guests assembled at the breakfast-table, the eye of Lord Londonderry searched in vain for those latent smiles—those cunning looks—that silent communication between the parties—by which the authors and abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Every thing apparently proceeded in its ordinary course. The conversation flowed rapidly along from the subjects afforded at the moment, without any of the constraint which marks a party intent upon some secret and more interesting argument, and endeavouring to afford an opportunity for its introduction. At last the hero of the tale found himself compelled to mention the occurrences of the night. It was most extraordinary—he feared that he should not be credited: and then, after all due preparation, the story was related. Those among his auditors, who, like himself, were strangers and visiters in the house, were certain that some delusion must have been practised. The family alone seemed perfectly composed and calm. At last the gentleman whom Lord Londonderry was visiting, interrupted their various surmises on the subject by saying:—"The circumstance which you have just recounted must naturally appear most extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my

dwelling, and are not conversant with the legends connected with my family; to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve as the corroboration of an old tradition that long has been related of the apartment in which you slept. You have seen *the Radiant Boy;* and it is an omen of prosperous fortunes;—I would rather that this subject should no more be mentioned."—*Album.*

Much curiosity was excited a few weeks ago, by the mysterious appearance of a stranger, habited in the Highland garb, who, with a voice possessing great power and sweetness, arrested the attention of the promenaders on our public walks, by the dulcet notes which he poured forth. This stranger is named Charles Adams, and a native of Inverness; which information, as well as that which follows, we have obtained from a gentleman who met with him in Maiden Castle Wood, and took him to his house. Adams had but lately returned from the Continent, where he had been for the last seven years in the capacity of valet to Capt. Adams (no relation) who died some little time ago at Venice, and who, it will be remembered, accompanied the late Queen to Jerusalem—of which celebrated city the valet gives a very interesting account, as well as of Rome, Venice, Vienna, Verona, &c. &c. Deprived of a home by the death of his master, he determined to make his voice subservient to his acts, and he set out on his return to this country in the character of an itinerant vocalist. His experiment was successful; and he soon found that he needed no other *notes* than his own to pay his way back to England. He travelled the whole distance on foot till he reached the northern shores of France, where he embarked, and having crossed the Channel, resumed his pedestrian journey at Dover. He was thus far on his road to Inverness when he attracted the notice of the inhabitants of Durham. Our informant describes him as a modest, intelligent young man, apparently about 27 years of age, of a fine commanding figure. He had a journal of his travels, and a variety of drawings, both of which, he said, he intended to place in the hands of Sir Walter Scott: and he related several interesting anecdotes of the late Queen, &c.—*Durham County Advertiser.*

Saturday week, a large monument to the memory of the late Mr. Perceval was opened in Westminster-abbey. It represents him falling at the moment of assassination. Bellingham, his assassin, is introduced.

Canova, the celebrated sculptor at Rome, has left behind him a fortune of 7,000,000 of francs, a sum not far short of 300,000*l.* sterling.

Cleanliness a Test of Civilization.—The Dutch and the English are the most industrious of the nations of Europe, and they are at the same time the most civilized. The Dutch preceded the English in industry, and they preceded them also in cleanliness. Erasmus, speaking of the English in the reign of Henry the Eighth, says, "their floors are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lies unmolested a collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and of every thing that is nauseous." Even only a hundred years ago, Lady Mary Wortley Montague speaks of the dirtiness of the towns in England, as an Englishman now speaks of that of the towns in France. The northern parts of England have but very recently adopted cleanly habits from the south. Fifty years ago a necessary was not to be found in some of the principal towns of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Industry is making such rapid progress in Scotland, that in less than twenty years its inhabitants will also probably have totally freed themselves from the reproach of dirtiness. From the dirtiness of the French, we can form a pretty accurate estimate of their civilization. Many people confound two things, which are very distinct, courtesy and civilization,—and because the French are extremely courteous, give them credit for great civilization. But in this way the common people of Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, who are also extremely courteous, would be deemed more civilized than the common people of England and Holland, who are both every thing but courteous in their manners.—*Morning Chronicle.*

Female Daring.—The Rev. Mr. Beckwith, Curate of Tillingham, Essex, was in London two or three days last week, leaving only Mrs. Beckwith, a maid servant, and the clerk of the parish in the house. One morning between two and three o'clock, the servant girl was awoke by some noise, and on looking round, she saw a man getting in at the window. He had obtruded his body half through when she first perceived him. With great presence of mind, she, unobserved by him, left her bed, and crept to the chamber of her mistress Mrs Beckwith immediately armed herself with a loaded pistol, and having told the girl to call up the clerk, proceeded alone to the girl's room, and found the intruder endeavouring to conceal himself. She called aloud to him, "I am armed, and if you do not quiety surrender yourself, I will blow your brains out!" The man made no reply, but remained cowering in the corner till the clerk and the girl came with lights, and he then suffered himself to be made prisoner. They bound his arms and legs, and the clerk kept guard over him till day-light, when he was conveyed to a Magistrate and committed. He turned out to be "*Tom Fletcher,*" a sort of *loose fish* in that vicinity, and he asserted that his only object in getting in at the window was to pay his addresses to the girl. He had contrived to make a five barred gate answer the purpose of a ladder.

Yesterday morning, a certain dame well known in this town, presented herself at St. Peter's Church, along with a man, very elegantly attired, for the purpose of entering into the holy state of matrimony. The regular preliminaries had all been gone through: the parties had sworn they were resident in the parish, and the banns had been published. On their entrance into the church, the minister having been informed of certain particulars, very properly declared he would not marry that woman, and said nothing about a prosecution, upon which she answered in a very bold manner; but when he told her she had two husbands already, both of whom, for aught she knew, were living, and that instead of residing in the parish which she had sworn, she was a well-known housekeeper in St. Mary's parish, and kept a lodging-house in Red Lion-street, the complexion of the case, as well as her complexion, was entirely changed. The parties immediately retired, but when they got home declared they were married, and last night were keeping up the wedding in high style.—*Nottingham Review,* Dec. 20.

Affecting Circumstance.—On Saturday se'nnight, the corpse of an old woman was found near a farm-house a few miles from Dalry. The circumstance was proclaimed in the churches of Beith and Dalry, in the hopes of discovering some trace of the individual's connexions. A little boy, the son of a farmer, on coming home from Church, remarked to his father that the woman's plaid was "unco like his granny's." The farmer, rather alarmed at this information, hastened to the spot, and to his utter grief and astonishment, discovered the corpse to be that of his aged mother. It would appear that she had left Irvine with the intention of visiting her son, and that, either overcome by fatigue or misled by the darkness of the night, she had lost her way in the muir, and perished with the cold. When found, she was in a sitting posture on the side of a hillock, and had an orange, partly eaten, in her hand.—*Glasgow Herald.*

A horse, the property of the company of proprietors of the Mersey and Irwell navigation, was lately freed from further labour, and sent to graze away the remnant of his days. Wednesday week this faithful servant died, at an age which has seldom been recorded of a horse; he was in his 32d year.

It is a very singular fact, that a hare, which was opened a few days ago at the house of Mr. Robert Woollen, Baker, near Sheffield barracks, was found to have two hearts. They were joined together by a thin membrane.—*Doncaster Gazette.*

Repartee.—On the occasion of the late French elections, M. Marchangy, the Attorney-General, who was returned deputy for Lille, made a smart reply. A lady of that town having asked why persons of her sex might not be electors, he replied, "Madam, you might be electors, but you could not be deputies." "Why not?" said the lady—"Because no woman would like to acknowledge that she was 40 years of age."—Did d'Aquesseau himself ever say such good things?

A gentleman at Cranbrook, on the 13th inst. had a large turnip brought to his house, as a present, which he conceived to be intended as a joke; but on making an opening in it, he had the pleasure of finding two brace of Partridges, and a couple of rabbits, packed in the inside.

A gentleman having a horse that started, and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring 'squire told him he wished to purchase it for *his wife* to ride upon "No," says the other, "I will not sell it—*I intend to marry again myself!*"

A Personage deemed one of the firmest props of Church and State, and lately honoured as a Saint of the first magnitude, a perfect *Santone,* will soon, it is understood, make his appearance in a new character in one of the Courts of Law.—*Morning Chronicle.*

Few publications have made so much noise in the world as appears likely to be made by a work, now in the press, under the title of "*Reclamation d'une jeune Française, d'origin Grecque, contre un Prince Souverain d' Allemagne.*" These memoirs, the heroine of which accuses the Prince of having taken her away from her parents before she had attained her fourteenth year, and after having made her a mother, subjected her to the most barbarous treatment, have all the interest of the most melancholy and pathetic romance, and bear in the long correspondence, which Madame A. P. has thrown into notes, incontestible proofs of their truth Madame A. P. appeals to some of the first persons in Europe for the truth of what she advances, and quotes in support

of the tale of her heart-rending misfortunes, even the letters of her *August Seducer's* mother.—*Courier Français.*

ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT.—A French gentleman, M. D——s, was tried on the return of the Bourbons for the offence of wearing and distributing the *cocarde tricolore*, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. A young lady, of large fortune, fell in love with M. D——s, without seeing him, merely by perusing his defence. They were married on the very day that he went into prison.

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES.—In noticing the embel ishments in this pleasant publication last week, we erroneously spoke of them as *wood-cuts.* They are etchings on copper, engraved by the designer himself, Mr. Cruikshank, which is doubtless the reason why they possess all the spirit and effect of that artist's drawings.

FINE ARTS.—In the next two or three weeks we shall pay deserved attention to Mr. W. B. Cooke's approaching Exhibition of Water-colour Paintings, Drawings, and Engravings,—a small but valuable collection of gems from the mine of native genius, from the time of Cozens, the father of water-colour painting, and of the Vivares, to the present moment.

VACCINE INNOCULATION.—It is a very remarkable circumstance, that since vaccine inoculation has become general, as a substitute for small-pox, we scarcely ever see or hear of those eruptive disorders to which the term *varicella* or chicken-pox has been somewhat vaguely applied. The fact no one will dispute; but opinion does not seem quite so unanimous as to the explanation of which the circumstance is susceptible. Dr. Thompson maintains, and we think justly, that all varioloid diseases spring from one source; and that the modified small-pox which so frequently follows vaccination, and the chicken-pox of former times, are in fact the same distemper, rendered different in their complexional character by the present mild mode of inoculating—inoculating, we say; for it would seem that even the genuine vaccine virus is but a modification of the small pox poison, disarmed greatly of its noxious power by its having become the disease of a brute animal.—*Quarterly Review.*

AFRICAN RADICAL.—The Reverend John Campbell, in his "Travels in South Africa," gives an account of the liberty of speech taken by a young Captain at a public meeting, at which King Mateebe presided in person. The Orator told his Most Sacred Majesty, that he did not like to see Kings with thick legs and corpulent bodies; they ought (he added) to be kept thin by watching and defending the cattle!"—Now had the gallant Sir Robert Wilson ventured on any *such* talk as this to our well-fleshed Monarch, one would not have been much surprised at the treatment he met with,—that of being punished without even a hearing.

TRUE COURTIERS.

. . . . . That day
In which it was first rumoured, then confirmed,
Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,
I found myself to be another thing,
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps receiv'd so; but, once rais'd,
The liberal courtier made me master of
Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation; if I offered
To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,
They had helps to save me, and without a blush
Would swear that I, by nature, had more knowledge
Than others could acquire by any labour:
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely!
They gave me those good parts I was not born to,
And by my intercession they got that,
Which had I cross'd them they durst not have hoped for.

MASSINGER: *Duke of Milan.*

POLICE.

BOW-STREET

On Sunday, information was received of the following most atrocious attempt at robbery and murder:—About three o'clock that morning an attack was made upon the house of James Smith, Esq. Blackheath, by a gang, one of whom had already bored round three-fourths of one of the square panels of the door, when Mr. Smith, who is upwards of 70 years of age, was awoke by the noise. He got out of bed, and throwing up his chamber window, called out "Who's there? What are you about?" He had scarcely uttered these words, when a ruffian fired a pistol at him, the shot from which passed through the fleshy part of his arm, entered his breast, and lodged between the ribs. The villains made off immediately. The report of the pistol, and the fall of Mr. Smith upon the floor of his room, alarmed the family, and he was found weltering in blood, and to all appearance dead. He was, however, restored to life; but he lies in a state of extreme danger. There is little doubt, from the manner in which the attempt was made to break into the house, but that the persons engaged in it were experienced London thieves.

HATTON-GARDEN.

Saturday evening, a wretched old woman, named Lawrence, preferred a charge of theft against a well known young thief, for stealing a piece of pipe lead from her house, No. 72, Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell. When the case came on for re-hearing, the following disgusting circumstances were clearly proved.—Lawrence, who has been for upwards of three years deserted by her husband, has occupied the above house, without a single article of furniture, and has been in the habit of enticing young girls from ten to fourteen years of age, to live in the upper part, and constantly associate with young thieves and pickpockets.—Four of the unfortunate girls were brought up from this sink of iniquity, and the parents of three of them appeared in the office.—The house had for some time been a dreadful nuisance in the neighbourhood, from the number of expert young thieves constantly lurking there. The depredators brought their plunder to Lawrence, who disposed of it, and gave them some of the proceeds.—The woman Lawrence, declaring she had no means of living, was ordered to be taken into the workhouse, and the prisoner was discharged.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

About a quarter before four o'clock on Monday afternoon, an elegantly dressed lady was observed walking in a dejected state in the Birdcage-walk, St. James's Park. She looked at several of the trees with apparent earnestness, and seemed quite insensible of the object of the mob who followed her, till she arrived opposite Story's-gate, when she took a handkerchief and made it fast to a tree; but finding the bough to which she attached it was not her height, she untied it again and fastened it to another much higher. She very leisurely tied it round her neck in the presence of a large crowd of men and boys, who all the time watched her motions, and springing forward twisted it round in such a manner that she was entirely raised from the ground, and would have been strangled had she not been immediately cut down. She then abused those around her in the grossest language, saying, she was by birth *Lady Carrington*, that the King and Duke of York had known her, but by oppression she was deprived of her rights, and left to wander forlorn and friendless. She was, however, recognised to be a woman well known in St. James's; she had been supported by a Noble Peer, in splendid equipage and dignity, only a few years ago, and through some fault afterwards abandoned; since which she has been seen about the streets, frequently in a state of despondency. A constable took her to the workhouse until she can be got into some proper asylum.

On Monday afternoon a young lady of interesting appearance was observed to be walking in a very melancholy mood towards the Canal at Peckham, and in a short time she plunged in. A Mr. Sare, of Peckham, who had been watching her, rushed to her assistance, and by great exertions rescued her from her impending fate. When she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she in the most grateful terms thanked her deliverer for saving her from self-destruction, and related to him the cause of her committing an act of such a nature. She said that her name was *Maria Kelly*; and that about two years ago she was at a boarding school at Lewisham, where the daughters of Mr. Y——, an opulent tradesman in Oxford-street, were also receiving their education. The son of Mr. Y—— several times visited his sisters, and of course had occasional opportunities of seeing her. In the course of time he declared an attachment towards her, to which she listened. He continued his addresses for a long time, and under the most sacred promises of marriage completed her ruin. From that period his fondness for her decreased, while she, who had the expectation of becoming a mother, pressed him to consent to an immediate union, Mr. Y. constantly put her off. She perceived his coolness increasing, and in proportion her mind became more disordered, until at last when she met her seducer on Monday, and repeated to him her wretched condition—pressed him to fulfil his oft-repeated promises, and still declared the most constant attachment to him,—he declared to her that he was engaged to marry another lady, and that the ceremony would shortly take place. This declaration of her seducer proved too much for her, and in agony of despair she hastened to end her days of misery in the manner just related.—Mr. Sare promised that he would take that care of her which her wretched situation required.—*Traveller.*

On Thursday week, *David Clator*, a private belonging to the 3rd Dragoon Guards, put a period to his existence at Hexham. It appears that Clator had lately married a young woman in this

city, to whom he was passionately attached; she, however, had been in the habit of corresponding with another man. This circumstance it is believed, coming to the knowledge of Clator, he became extremely disturbed in mind; his wife, in the mean time, having availed herself of the protection of her mother, who resided at Hexham, went to live with her, declaring that she could no longer remain with her husband. Clator now determined to proceed to Hexham and demand his wife, with a fixed resolution, as we understand, in case of refusal, to shoot either her or himself, or both; with which intent he carried with him two loaded pistols. On arriving at her mother's, he met with the refusal which he had anticipated, his wife resolutely persisting in having no further communication with him. His leave of absence being now expired, and being in a state of the utmost distraction of mind at his wife's conduct, he destroyed himself with one of the pistols which he had unfortunately brought with him for that purpose.—*Carlisle Journal.*

Part of a family at Castlesowerby lately very narrowly escaped destruction by poison. The master of the house, an old widower, exhibited signs of attachment to a servant-girl; but she, conceiving that the old man's son and daughter were inimical to her happiness, purchased some arsenic at Penrith, and put it into the tea-kettle. The destined victims, on pouring out their tea, thought it a strange colour, and refrained from drinking it. Foiled in this attempt, she next put arsenic into the broth, of which the obnoxious individuals both partook, and soon afterwards found themselves very ill. Mr. Irving, surgeon, was sent for; he detected the poison, and administered antidotes. The offender has not yet been apprehended.—*Carlisle Patriot.*

Between eight and nine o'clock on Friday night, a fatal accident occurred at Somerset House:—John Onis, an assistant porter in the Navy Pay-office, in a state of inebriety, got on the iron railing, for the purpose of raising the sash to obtain admittance into the hall, and fell into the area, a depth of 40 feet. The unfortunate man was immediately picked up, and a surgeon sent for, but his scull being fractured in several places, he could render no assistance. He was about 30 years old, and has left a widow and two children to deplore his loss.

On Tuesday, *John Bolt*, aged 21, groom to W. A. H. Arundel, Esq. of Castle Park, near Oakhampton, was committed to the Devon County Gaol, for attempting to murder Jane Jusland, a nursery-maid. On Sunday afternoon last, she left the house to go to church, and Bolt, who had been some time endeavouring to gain her affections, followed her for the purpose of making a further declaration of his passion. On approaching the church they found they were too late, and returned home; shortly after, Bolt desired the house-maid to send Jusland to him in his bed-room, where she went, accompanied by the butler, being afraid to go alone. The latter soon after, at the request of Bolt, retired, and had left but a short time, before he was alarmed by the cries of the girl; he returned immediately to the room, and, at the moment of entering, saw the groom fire a pistol at her; and, shocking to relate, her right eye was blown out of her head, and part of the charge lodged in her neck; three of her fingers were also so dreadfully shattered as to render amputation necessary. The unfortunate sufferer still continues in a most dangerous state.—*Exeter Flying Post.*

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Art. 3. On the Spirit of Monarchy.
Art. 4. The Dogs, a Satirical Poem, dedicated to the Abusers of the Liberal.
Art. 5. Letters from Abroad. Letter 2, Genoa.
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THE LONDON MEDICAL and PHYSICAL JOURNAL,
Edited by RODERICK MACLEOD, M.D. and JOHN BACOT, Esq.

The number for December completed the 48th volume of this work. The Proprietors beg to call the attention of the medical profession to the advantages of becoming subscribers at the present period, as the commencement of a new volume (the first No. of which is to be published on the 1st of January) will have all the convenience of a new series, whilst it continues the regular succession to those who have heretofore taken the work. The Journal consists of—Original Communications from medical practitioners both at home and abroad: and the Proprietors have much gratification in soliciting the attention of their subscribers to the list of contributors during the last six months, among whom will be found the names of some of the most eminent professional men in London, as well as the provincial towns:—Collectanea Medica, consisting of extracts from the most respectable contemporary journals or other works of value:—Critical Analyses, or Reviews, of the most important works, domestic and foreign:—Bibliography, consisting of short notices of works, which do not fall under the preceding department:—Statistical Medicine, or Reports of prevailing Diseases, furnished by the medical officers attached to extensive public institutions:—Intelligence, consisting of short miscellaneous articles connected with medical science:—Obituary, announcing the death of eminent men of science, with biographical sketches:—Monthly Catalogue of all medical books (sent to the Editors) with the title-pages in full, affording to the authors gratuitously an opportunity of making their works very extensively known.

By the volume just completed it will be seen that original communications have been received from Copenhagen, Berlin, Calcutta, and the West Indies; and the Proprietors beg to state that they have the prospect of adding to these correspondents various others resident on the Continent of Europe, as well as in the Colonies in America, Africa, and Asia.

No. 97 (to be published on the 1st of January) will contain an Historical Essay on the principal improvements and discoveries made during the last six months, in Anatomy (natural, comparative, and morbid), Physiology, Pathology, Medicine, Therapeutics, and Materia Medica, Surgery, Midwifery, Chemistry, and Botany; Critical Analyses of Ward on Diseases of the Spine, and Tebret on Hypochondriasis and Suicide; Bibliographical Notices of Paris's Pharmacologia, the Pharmacopœia Imperialis, Dr. Venables' Lecture on Oxalic Acid, and a System of Osteology, &c. Statistical Report of the Diseases prevalent among Children; various articles of Medical Intelligence; and an Obituary, containing an account of several eminent Medical Practitioners recently deceased.

Published by J. Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church-yard.

WORKS OF CANOVA.

On the 1st of January will be published, Part II. of a Series of

ENGRAVINGS, in Outline, by HENRY MOSES, of the WORKS of ANTONIO CANOVA, in Sculpture and Modelling, with Descriptions from the Italian of the Countess Albrizzi. For some time previous to the death of this great Sculptor, preparations had been making for presenting to the public a Series of Outline Engravings of his unrivalled compositions. This Part will contain, 1. The Graces (plate 2.)—2. The Cinerary Vase of the Countess Diede de Fuirstenheim.—3. Beatrice.—4. Monument of Volpato.—5. Offering of the Trojan Matrons to Minerva. Part I. (published on the 1st of December) may be had, containing, 1. Colossal Bust of Canova.—2. Monument of the Chevalier Emo.—3. The Graces (plate 1.)—4. Venus Victorious.—5. The Goddess Concordia.

This work will be published monthly, in Imperial 8vo. price 4s. Imperial 4to. price 6s.; and 50 copies only will be taken off on India paper, price 10s. 6d.; each Part will contain five Engravings with letter-press Descriptions. Specimens of the Engravings in Part III. may be seen, and prospectuses of the work had of the Publisher, Septimus Prowett, 269, Strand, opposite Arundel-street.

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MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, John Dodson, of Doctors' Commons, LL.D. to Miss Pearson, elder daughter of Dr. Pearson, of George-street, Hanover-square.

On Thursday, at Richmond, Thomas Arthur Stone, Esq. of Argyll-street, to Frances Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Gream, of Richmond.

On Thursday week, at Hampton Church, John Harding, Esq. to Frances Russell, relict of W. H. Russell, Esq. of Powick Court, Worcestershire.

DEATHS.

Colonel Macleod:—he was found dead in his bed in the morning of Sunday se'nnight.

On Tuesday, at Highbury-place, Islington, H. G. Hilbers, Esq.

On the 22d instant, at Kentish Town, Mr. Edward Dancer, aged 26, only surviving son of Mr. James Dancer, formerly of Furnival's Inn, law stationer.

On Saturday the 21st inst. at her house in Nottingham, Mrs. Melville, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 23d instant, at St. James's Palace, Rogers Claudus Francis Du Pasquier, Esq. in his 64th year, senior page to his Majesty.

On the 19th instant, at Stratton-house, near Chilcompton, Somersetshire, in the 65th year of his age, Charles Gordon Gray, Esq. This gentleman was a Vice President of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society.

On Thursday, after a short illness, Lady Aprecce, in South-street, Grosvenor-square.

After a most painful and tedious illness, Mr. Hans Hamilton expired at three o'clock yesterday morning. There will be a contest to fill the vacancy caused by his death in the representation of the County of Dublin.—*Dublin Morning Post, December 21.*

Printed and published by John Hunt, at the Examiner Office, No. 19, Catherine-street, Strand, London.—Price 7d.